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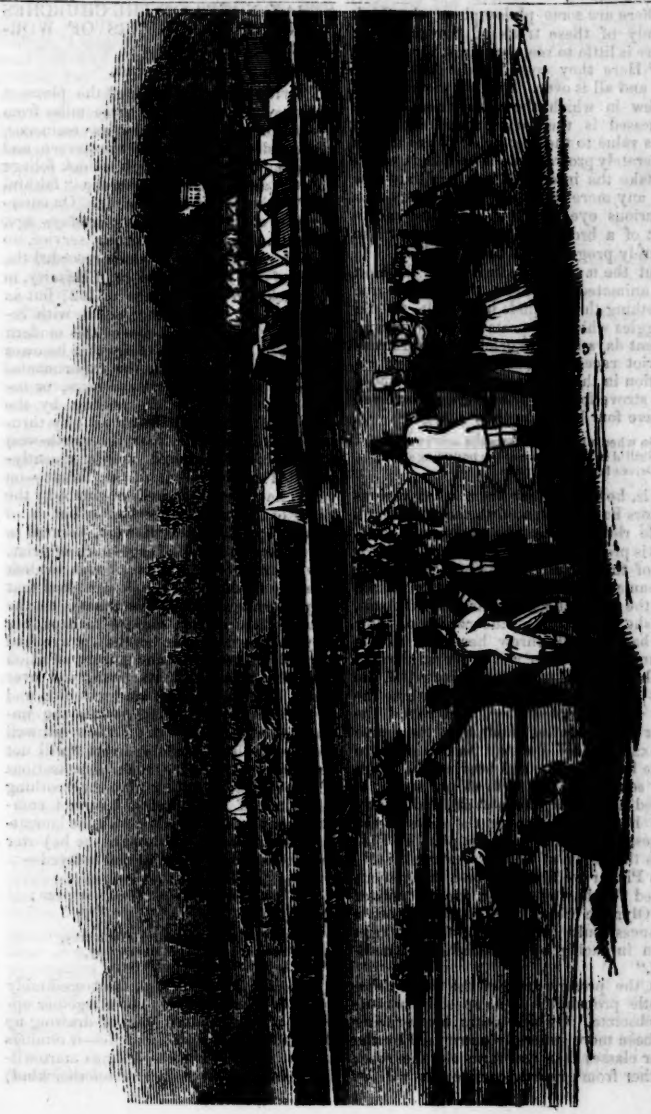

HAMPTON RACES.

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A sketch of the general features of the scene exhibited at Hampton Races may not be out of place now that the opening spring invites us again to enjoy that popular amusement.

There are some philosophers who think meanly of these trials of horsemanship. There is little to see, they urge, for the cry is, "Here they come," and "There they go," and all is over. That the moments are so few in which the competition can be witnessed is the very circumstance that gives value to the spectacle. Were it only moderately protracted, the beholders would not take the interest in it which they now feel, any more than they would watch with a curious eye the long-continued movement of a broad-wheeled waggon, or the leisurely progress of a brewer's dray.

But the man of classical taste finds in the animated scene on the race-course something that reminds him of the solemn struggles which the poets and historians of ancient days loved to celebrate and record. Chariot races were the great object of attraction in the Olympic games, and those who strove for the prize were accustomed to have four horses in their charge.

> "So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead,
> Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed,
> Drives four fair coursers."

It is, however, clear from what various authors have written on the subject, that a single riding-horse was sometimes used. This is proved by a singular story, illustrative of the sagacity of the horse, found in Pausanias. One Phidolas, a Corinthian, was the proprietor of a mare named Aura, and she, it is said, in the race, soon after she had started, threw her rider to the ground. The owner was of course alarmed for the result, but, to his infinite relief, the next moment he saw Aura continue the race of her own accord, turn round the pillar which marked the limit of the course as exactly as if she had had a rider to guide her, advance, and hearing the trumpets sound, she put forth all her strength, passed her rivals one and all, and finally took her stand opposite the seats of the judges, conscious of her triumph. To Phidolas the crown of victory was awarded.

In Pindar we find the horse Pherenicus lauded for having gained for his master the Olympic crown, and numerous other instances could be adduced of the delight taken in racing by "the fathers of mankind."

In the present state of the world there is little probability of its speedily becoming obsolete. Of late years horse-racing has been more generally patronised by the lower classes than was formerly the case; whether from growing common it will be deemed vulgar, and consequently renounced by those who give the tone to high society, remains to be seen.

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

POWICK.—The church of the pleasant village of Powick, about three miles from Worcester, is situated on an eminence, commanding the vales of the Severn and Teme, and peeping through a thick foliage of yew and elm, overlooks the "faithful city" with the eye of a monitor. On entering the churchyard a few Sundays ago, some time before the morning service, an epitaph caught my eye which recorded the death of one John Titmarsh, of Haseley, in Warwickshire, at the age of 192; but as local history is altogether silent with regard to the extended age of this modern Parr, it is more than likely that he owes his length of years to the experimental chisel of some mason's apprentice, or incipient Canova, who, in passing by the grave, left a memento of his visit by turning the 0 into a 9. Near the north-west corner of the church was a recently-moulded grave — that of an infant — on which had been deposited, no doubt by the hand of maternal affection, a bunch of snow-drops and other flowers, secured to the place with a kind of cage-work of briar. The heart-broken mother, it was evident from the freshness of the flowers, had that very morning made a pilgrimage to the resting-place of her child — perhaps her only child — on whom her happy eye had beamed its warmest and purest affection from the moment of its birth, and over whom she had tended, and watched, and wept, like another Niobe, when the unsparing fates assailed it. I know full well that the swelling, bursting heart "will not be comforted," under such dispensations of Providence, by other than the soothing influences of time; but if I cannot comfort I may at least condole with the lamenting parent (unknown though she be) over the grave of her beautiful and beloved—

> "Fond mother, wipe thy tears away;
> That pledge to thee by God was given;
> But when its prattle and its play,
> And winning smiles of infancy,
> Had weaned thy heart so far astray,
> Then sped an angel on his way,
> And took it back to Heaven."

The churchyard is kept most creditably neat and clean, but I do not altogether approve of the modern plan of drawing up the head-stones in rank and file—it reminds one (at a time when the feelings more willingly indulge in luxury of another kind)

of political economists, of Malthusians, of a population elbowing each other even out of their graves — of anything, in short, rather than the quiet and undisturbed abodes we would fain secure to ourselves in death, and which, by their picturesque disorder, constitute a not unpleasing feature of a rural churchyard. But these feelings, I suppose, like Sir Robert Peel, must give way to the distinctive rule of the present day — *Necessitas non habet leges.* The bodies of Sir Edward Denny, and some of his family, of Tralee Castle, Kerry, who sometime resided at Kingsend House, Powick, lie in this yard, and have a tomb to their memory. The burial ground abounds with barbarisms in the epitaphic line, such as the following (to William Randle)—

"His aim in learning was the seas to rove;
The mathematics was his chiefest love;
But God, who orders all things best,
Eased his cares and took his soul to rest."

The church, which is large and capacious, is of the usual cruciform shape; at the west end is the tower, which is divided into three stages; at the corners are small diagonal buttresses. The stone pinnacles, being considered dangerous to the structure, were removed some four years ago, and are now placed within the porch or entrance, to which, by the aid of some other rubbish of a similar character, they give the appearance of a museum of ancient vases or architectural remains; added to this, if the reader will imagine two filthy, worn-out curtains of green baize, like those at the door of a penny theatre, which divide the church from the porch, he may form a good estimate of the decency of these approaches to the house of God. The interior has undergone great improvement, and more is intended to be done as soon as the "sinews" can be obtained. The ancient closet-like seats have been superseded by low, open, and more commodious ones, in which here and there the rough and grim carving of the knotty old oak may be seen to dovetail, somewhat inharmoniously, with the plainness of modern deal—like an old veteran who, having outlived his day and generation, remains to be jeered and flouted by his more refined and polished descendants. A handsome glazed screen, well carved, divides the chancel from the nave; another, in an unfinished state, cuts off the south transept, and a third is projected for the north; it is also proposed to bring forward the communion table, and place it in front of the first-mentioned screen. I have not heard whether it is intended to convert the chancel into a ladye chapel, but a portion of it at least I would beg for the purpose of a vestry, the clergyman at present having to disrobe behind a piece of green baize (apparently a segment of the before-mentioned curtains), which, I think, is spread out by means of two sticks, but of this I am not quite sure. The clerk, who is an active and intelligent man, and who was busily engaged in arranging the clergyman's books for the services of the day, took pains to satisfy me that the proposed improvements were but in a chrysalis state, and that the church authorities were to be commended for not having allowed their expenditure to outrun the income. In this I quietly acquiesced, but should also have informed him that provided no pious lady in the neighbourhood could find in her heart to present, from her varied store, as in days of old, some more appropriate materials for the curtains of the sanctuary, I would have no objection to go shopping myself on behalf of the parish of Powick, and submit the purchase, as a donation, for the approbation of a committee of ladies.

The east window is in the early English style, consisting of three lancet lights; the mullions are triangular, faced on the innermost angle with a light shaft or column, surmounted by a graceful foliated capital; the other windows are apparently of later date. The aisles are divided from the nave by two rows of equilateral arches. In the north transept is a handsome octagonal stone font, each face or division of the cup having quatrefoil carvings, and trefoils in the corresponding divisions of the shaft. Here are carved monuments to Wm. Cookes, knight (1672), and Daniel Tyas, "*Vigorniæ et republicæ bonus civis*" (1678); and elsewhere are monuments to members of the Wolley, Pakington, Rea, Blount, Winford, Wall, Weston, Sowden, and Moore families.

Among the charitable donations, the records of which are left to adorn the walls of this church, is one from Phineas Jackson, of Bromyard, who gave a piece of land, a part of the produce of which was to go to "the young people who can best say their catechism at Lent." Judging from the multitudes of native infantry attending this church, I should say this donation begets the utmost competition which Phineas Jackson himself could have wished had he been alive. It must be a pleasing thing for the minister, at every returning Lent, to test the capabilities and the progress of his juvenile charge, and by way of stimulating them to pursue the paths of orthodoxy, to distribute among the most deserving of them the pious bequest of this considerate man. If not too late for the present season, I should feel obliged to the worthy vicar for an invitation to witness the gratifying spectacle. There is another item on the list of charities which demands notice. One Richard Collies left certain property to purchase annually gowns and

coats for a stated number of the poor, but with a proviso which utterly sweeps away every shadow of credit that would otherwise attach to his memory on this account. The initials "R. C." were to be placed conspicuously on the garments; and in the event of these letters being pulled off or damaged, and not replaced, "the faulty person shall be utterly incapable of such gift and bequest for ever after." This man most assuredly possessed no real charity for the poor: his only object was to make these poverty-stricken wretches the tools or monuments for perpetuating his name to posterity.

Powick being an extensive parish, there was, as I expected, a numerous congregation on the morning of my visit; and the most gratifying feature was, that the great proportion consisted of the labouring classes, whose reverential deportment was highly creditable to them. An employer somewhere in the north of England once proposed to his workpeople that if they would attend church on fast days, their wages should go on the same as if they worked, upon which they sent a deputation to inform him that they would also attend the Methodist chapel in the evening if he would pay them for over hours. The labourers of Powick, however, I have good reason to hope, are less selfish in their religious observances; and well for them it is so, as I would not give much for their chance of being paid to attend church. One-third of the congregation consisted of school children, who were comfortably seated around the aisles, having good thick matting under their feet, and a stove-pipe above their heads, embracing the whole length of the walls. I could not help contrasting for the moment the usages and comforts of the present day with those of the "good old times," when our ancestors at their devotions shivered upon the bare earth or tumbled about on incommodious rushes, and when not only was there no friendly stove to warm their children's extremities, but perhaps scarcely a thought was bestowed upon the religious or educational training of their little ones "in the way they should go," and Sunday school institutions were entirely unthought of. The musical part of the service was chastely executed, by the assistance of a small organ, and the psalmody was plain but devotional. The officiating clergyman is a very young man, but recently ordained, who however promises well, when time and experience shall have endowed him with more tact and energy, to grace his "high calling." Among other things clergymen should beware of giving long sermons, especially (if I may be allowed the term) on comparatively common-place subjects; nothing is gained to devotion, but rather much is lost thereto, by drawing too largely on the time and attention of their hearers.*

The parish of Powick is not unknown to history. Two of its manors—Prior's court and Pykesham—together with the tithes of Bransford and Powick, belonged formerly to the priory of Great Malvern, and after the dissolution of religious houses, Henry VIII, in the 37th year of his reign, gave to Edward Lord Clinton the manor and rectory of Powyke; it afterwards belonged to Sir Thomas Bromley, knight, grandson of the Chancellor. Before the year 1650 the tithes were the property of John Nash, Esq., alderman of Worcester, who at his death bequeathed them to certain trustees for the endowing an hospital in the city of Worcester. The Beauchamp, Lygon, and Coventry families, have held possessions in this parish. In September, 1642, during the unhappy contests between Charles I and the parliament, an engagement took place at Powick between the forces: it was here that a detachment of the parliament army were deceived by a manœuvre, and being attacked by an ambuscade, twenty-five of their number were killed, and the detachment fell back a distance of four miles. In 1651, however, occurred the famous battle of Powick bridge (an ancient structure, still remaining, and of which I made a sketch some four years ago). The right wing of a brigade under General Fleetwood having crossed the Teme, and the left arrived at Powick bridge, they drove in the foot of the Royalists to their main body, which was drawn up in Wykefield, near the bridge, secured the pass, and after a hard contest of nearly two hours' duration, wholly routed them, killing many on the place, † and pursuing the rest to the drawbridge and gate of the city.

While on the subject of the ancient associations connected with Powick parish, I may mention that in the year 1832 two sepulchral Roman urns, containing burnt human bones, were dug up from a piece of land between the roads leading to Upton and Malvern, and were presented to the museum by the Earl Coventry; and in the year following, a little to the west of the village, two similar urns, containing the bones of children, were discovered. A coin

* An American minister, at one of the numerous places of worship in the States, was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he turned up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a juvenile "Pickle" pelting the people below with chesnuts. Dominie was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect: but the youth anticipated im, bawling out at the top of his voice, to the astonished parson, "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!" The scene that ensued may be safely left to the imagination.

† In one of the charity tables "Deadfield" is mentioned as a part of a bequest.

of Claudius Gothicus and of Constantine were also found in the same neighbourhood.—*Worcester Journal.*

ISLAND OF HARRIS.

On a fine day in the end of July, last year, the writer of this left home in a boat, accompanied by three of a crew, to proceed to Lochmaddy, about twelve miles distant. After passing the island of Hermitray, our course lay along the bold and rocky headlands of Leachd-leese, in North Uist, which chiefly consist of gneiss, argillaceous schist, and numerous veins of trap. These rocks are of great height, rising nearly perpendicular, and but for their almost unapproachable nature, would afford no small attractions to the geological student. To ornithologists they are likewise very interesting, as they are visited annually by great numbers of seafowl, for the purpose of incubation; and the different species, according to their various habits, select pieces of projecting rock whereon to build their nests. The varieties which for the most part frequent these headlands are, the gull, the puffin, the guillemot, and the cormorant; and even the lordly eagle deigns to associate with these, choosing always the most precipitous and inaccessible ledges of rock which the coast presents. On arriving at a place called the *Miorbhuil, i. e.* "the miracle," we espied the nest of an eagle resting on one of these ledges. As it contained two eaglets, we at once determined on their capture, if possible. After surveying the precipice, and looking in vain for any other mode of approach to the nest than by a descent from the top, a young lad of the name of Peter Ross agreed to try it. This settled, we set about getting out the boat's anchor and cable, for the purpose of carrying them to the summit of the rock. After an hour's labour we gained the desired point. We next selected the best spot whereon to fix the anchor, which done, we swung the cable down the face of the rock. To ensure greater safety, a long rope was tied round Ross's body, and uncoiled as he descended by the iron cable. Having divested himself of his coat, neckcloth, and shoes, and provided a knife, in case of being attacked by the old eagles (which were soaring above), and with some cord for the purpose of tying the eaglets, should he succeed in capturing them, he prepared to descend. This was no easy task, and it took him a full quarter of an hour to accomplish it. The parent eagles continued to utter the most piercing and discordant screams, as they beheld him suspended in mid-air opposite their nest, and high above the loud roar of the ocean. The length of the cable, which measured twenty-two fathoms, only enabled Ross to reach within a foot of the nest; and just as he had done so, one of the eaglets hopped away to an adjacent ledge of rock beyond his reach, and the other was about following when it received a kick which sent it tumbling down the rock into the sea. One of the old eagles immediately flew to its rescue, and with its talons dragged the young bird from the sea, and placed it safely on a portion of low accessible rock, which we soon made for, and secured our prize, which turned out to be the male bird. It was of an immense size, nearly full grown, and of the species called the white-tailed sea eagle. Although the nest, when viewed from below, appeared as scarcely presenting a single foot of surface, it was fully four feet square, and contained about a stone of wool and rags, with a goat's head, a lot of bones, and some half-consumed fishes, memorials of the rapacity of these destructive birds. We next turned our course for Lochmaddy, where the eaglet was given to an English gentleman who had come on a tour in the excise steamer: he signified his intention to carry it with him to Lincolnshire.

Leaving Lochmaddy next day, on our return to Harris, with our boat towed behind the steamer, we sailed close enough to the scene of our late exploit, at the *Miorbhuil*, to see the remaining eaglet still perched on the spot where it was left. Had time permitted, we intended again to attempt its capture; but as some of the party on board preferred calling to see the monastery at Rodel, we steamed it on, and had not proceeded far when a rather amusing incident occurred. We were all on deck, admiring the rugged scenery which meets the eye along that part of the coast, where

"Low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deep"

when a round hole, right through a rocky precipice, with a sandy plain behind, attracted our attention. Some of the party said it was no hole, but rather a large white stone, which had probably been dashed up against the rocks by the violence of the waves; whilst others thought differently. The captain had recourse to his spy-glass, and gave it as his opinion that it was nothing else than a white stone. One of the party, who held a different opinion, made a wager of £20 that he was right. The captain, after a second application of the glass, staked his vessel against that sum. The course of the vessel was instantly altered, and, on nearing the rock, there, indeed, was to be seen one of nature's freaks — a hole quite through. Well, the "Dumbuck" was lost; the captain consoling himself by saying that he

had, at all events, the satisfaction of *proper* "ocular demonstration" of his error.

On arriving at Rodel, we debarked, and went up to the monastery, which we were kindly permitted to view, under the guidance of a person from the establishment of the much respected factor on the estate. The monastery, dedicated to St. Clement, is a very ancient structure, and is supposed to have been founded by David I, in the eleventh century. The walls are still substantial, and it is altogether of tolerable architecture, "and presents," says Dr. Macculloch, "some peculiarities in sculpture, which are well worth the notice of an antiquary, and, from their analogy to certain allusions in oriental worship, objects of much curiosity." Measures were taken, about two years ago, to keep these "sculptured curiosities" in as good a state of preservation as possible.

After an hour or two spent in visiting this interesting place, and admiring the beautiful glen of Rodel, with its thriving plantation, overlooked by the neighbouring picturesque heights, we embarked again, much pleased with the visit, and departed for Stornoway.—*Inverness Courier.*

EUGENE SUE.

M. Eugene Sue, whose fictions are at present so popular, was born at Paris on the 10th of December, 1804. The empress Josephine and her son, prince Eugene Beauharnois, were his godfather and godmother. The Sue family is very ancient, and has been established for many years at Lacolme, near Cannes, in Provence. It is still represented there by M. Sue, a retired officer of high rank, and great-uncle to our author. The majority of Eugene Sue's relatives have been physicians of great celibrity. His great grandfather, Peter, and his grandfather, Joseph, have left extensive anatomical works; and to them the French medical school owes the introduction of the pathology of Gaubius, which succeeded that of Boerhaave. Joseph and Jean Joseph both graduated at the Edinburgh university, and make known to their countrymen, in numerous translations, the works of the Scotch school of medicine. Our author's father was chief physician to the imperial guard in the Russian campaign, and has also published several popular works. Immediately after the restoration, he became the king's physician, and lived in intimate friendship with the empress Josephine, Franklin, Massena, Moreau, and all the great personages of the consulate epoch. He made a generous bequest to the academy of fine arts of a magnificent collection of comparative anatomy, and objects of natural history, formed in his own family by four generations of physicians, and which constitutes a gallery in the palace of the fine arts of great value. Eugene Sue himself, according to the wishes of his father, entered upon the medical career. He was surgeon attached to the military suite of the king; then to the staff of the army in Spain in 1823; and also in the same campaign, to the seventh regiment of artillery. He was present at the siege of Cadiz, at the taking of Trocadero, and at that of Tarafa. In 1824 he quitted the land for the naval service. He made several voyages in the Atlantic; and having traversed the West Indies, he returned to the Mediterranean, visited Greece, and in 1828 was present in the ship Bresliau at the battle of Navarino. On returning from his campaign, he renounced the navy and medicine, and took up his abode at Paris, where, thanks to the handsome income he enjoys as a paternal inheritance, he was enabled to lead a life of brilliant happiness. His favourite occupation at this time was painting, which he studied at his friend's the celebrated Gudin. The idea of turning novel writer was not thought of by Eugene Sue till 1830, when an old comrade of the artillery happened, in conversation, to remark that as "Cooper and Marryatt had made the sea romance popular, he ought to write his recollections, and create the maritime romance of the French." This pleased our author. He quitted the painting-brush and took up the pen. His first work was "Kernock the Pirate," the success of which caused him to continue to write, following the dictates of a lively and fertile fancy. Thus appeared in succession numerous works, which may be arranged in the following order:—Sea Romances, Kernock the Pirate, Plick and Plock, Attar Gull, the Salamander, and the Watch Tower of Koatven. Maritime History—History of the French Marine under Louis IV, and abridgment of the military marine of every people. Historical romances—Latreaumont, Jean Cavalier, and Letorieres, the commander of Malta. Romances of manners—Arthur, La Concaratcha, Dylcytar, L'Hotel Lambert, Mathildo, &c. Philosophical and Political Romances—The Mysteries of Paris, the Female Blue Beard, and the Wandering Jew, a tale of the Jesuits. Dasamar Latreumont, the Pretendress, and several others of great effect, produced in concert with Messrs. Dinaux and Legouve. M. Eugene Sue at present inhabits, in the heights of the Fauboug-St. Honoré, a little mansion covered with creeping plants and flowers, which overarch the peristyle. A fountain plays in his most beautiful of gardens, in the midst of rocks and sea plants, and a long close gallery, walled in with

sculpture and plants, leads from the house to a little outer gate quite hidden under an artificial rock. The interior of the houses composed of very small apartments, somewhat confined, and rendered obscure by the flowers hanging down the windows. The furniture is crimson, with golden nails; the sleeping apartment alone is lighter and of a blue colour. There is scattered about a little of every style—Gothic, Renaissance, Fantastic, and French. The walls of the drawing room are hid by works of art, painting, and sculpture, various curiosities, family portraits, masterpieces, and works of modern artists, his friends. Glorious names shine in every part—Delcroix, Gudin, Isabey, Vernet, &c. A drawing of Madame de Lamartine, and some verses of the illustrious poet, occupy a conspicuous place. One picture in particular has a privileged situation upon canvas, in the midst of the coquetries of the drawing-room. It is an anchorite of Isabey, of terrible effect, forming a remarkable constrast in that little temple of luxury. The favourite horses, dogs, &c., of M. Sue are the subjects of the majority of the remainder, painted either by himself or by M. Alfred Dedreux. In all these we detect traits of character, a passion for luxury and strong emotions, with a reaction towards retirement and meditation, an enlightened taste for the fine arts, and a love of animals and plants. Among the many authors who may be termed successful, few have attained a popularity so extensive as Eugene Sue.—*Correspondent of Glasgow Examiner.*

ON THE BLESSINGS OF FAMILY AFFECTION.

The whole human race may be considered as one great family, under the care, protection, and discipline of the Creator, our heavenly parent; and the most important duty which he requires of them is, that they love one another. He graciously founds their love to himself on this basis; for he even rejects the love of those who do not love their brother also. It is a wonderful and benevolent part of the system of Providence, that his commandents produce our greatest earthly blessings; and our perfect obedience to his laws brings its immediate reward, in conferring upon us some visible benefit; as, on the contrary, every outrage on his commands has its attendant judgment. In no case are the blessings annexed to well-doing so sensibly felt as in the mutual offices of brotherly love. From the sweet affections and goodwill of society, most of our temporal comforts spring; and, when we obey the command of loving and serving our fellow-creatures, the benefit is reflective; we are loved and served in return: "therefore, my beloved brethren, let us love one another; for he that loveth his brother, hath fulfilled the law." The sweet charities of life, sympathy, affection, and benevolence, are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper, and mutual forbearance we practise to each other, arise the kindness and good-will which are the charms of social life. If the cultivation of this benevolent feeling, is so important a duty, and so great a blessing in extended society, when our intercourse is only occasional, of what still greater importance is it in the near and daily concerns of domestic life! All persons, in all ages, have been deeply impressed with the value of family affection. The wise instructions of Solomon abound with injunctions on the subject; and David exclaims, "How good and joyful a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, which ran down into the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts of his clothing. Like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion; for there the Lord promised his blessing and life for evermore." This precious balm to every earthly woe, spreads itself to every department in domestic life, like "the refreshing dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Zion:" it nourishes and gladdens every bevevolent heart,—it softens the temper,—it doubles every pleasure,—it lessens every care; without it human beings become savages, selfish and morose; they lose the blessings which God has promised to it in this life, and that life, which is hereafter, which is a heaven of love and benevolence!

THE GALLERIES OF THE THEATRES

BY JOTT.

We are rather surprised that the graphic pen of the immortal "Boz" was never employed in pourtraying the scenes that are to be witnessed in the galleries of the theatres. There is, in our opinion, much scope here for his genius, and he undoubtedly, had he attempted such a thing, would have produced a very interesting and entertaining sketch. Such a subject would have been safe in his hands. In those of ourselves we fear the contrary. We nevertheless enter upon it with the determination "to do our best," and should we fail, our failure must be attributed to our incapacity, and not to a want of the necessary exertions to secure the object in view.

The gallery of a theatre presents a motley assemblage, and here a person may see

human nature in all its various phases, and what is another remarkable feature by gas-light, people of all shades are here jumbled together — high and low, rich and poor, steady-going tradesmen and profligate clerks, hard-working and prudent servant-girls and wicked and abandoned women, the dissipated *roué* and the tender parent, surrounded by his beloved and blooming little olive-branches.

We are aware that the paragraph just penned implies a contradiction, for many will ask, if the gallery audience of a theatres consist of so many disreputable characters, how does it happen that highly-respectable people frequent such places? One thing is pretty certain; if you frequent the gallery of a theatre you are not obliged to be remarkably social (etiquette makes an allowance in this case) and associate with any of those you may chance to meet there. Many people drop in here because it is not their intention to remain long, and many drop in because they would not like to be seen in the pit, and many because they have large families and cannot afford to take them to any other part of the house. The greater part, however, of a gallery audience is composed of respectable people, and disreputable characters are happily in a very small minority.

The best times to go to the gallery are Saturday and Monday nights, that is to say, if you go more with the view of seeing the audiences than the pieces. If you go solely to see the latter, I can only say you could not possibly go on worse nights.

Saturday night is pay-night—a night on which mechanics, labourers, and persons of that description generally receive their wages, and they are generally in the habit of resorting to the theatre or some place of amusement after the fatigues of the week. On Monday night there is still some of the money left which they received on the Saturday night, and as they are never happy whilst they have any in their pockets, as a matter of course they try to get rid of it as soon as possible, in order that their minds may again be restored to peace and happiness. To accomplish this laudable object, amongst other places they visit the theatre, and as the price of admission is not the only money that is expended, they contrive, through these means, to make it fly pretty fast.

We will suppose the occasion of our visit to be Saturday night. It is not of much consequence to which of the theatres we conduct the reader, and shall therefore select one of the minor houses. There is some extra attraction here to-night. Vestris and Mathews are starring it, and Mons. Dillon is going again to swallow his supper without the aid of a plate, after which, by particular desire, his knife and fork. Madame Tambourini is again going to dance her celebrated *pas seul*, and a *new* farce, from the pen of Alfred Scribbles, Esq., is going to be performed "for the first time this season."

The doors open at half past six, but look at the gallery door! It is impossible to get within twenty yards of it, and it is now only upon six. There is indeed going to be a full house, and just observe how the people are drawing up from all sides. How very foolish of those young gentlemen to keep kick, kicking at the door with their feet, and knock, knocking at it with those unwieldy-looking sticks, as though it would be opened any sooner on that account. It seems as if they thought the door itself was perfectly conscious of the inconvenience it was causing them by being closed.

Half-past six, however, at length arrives, and the door is thrown open; and what a rush for places! We are perfectly sure we would not go up with that crowd if we were admitted gratis, and presented with something in the bargain, for exposing ourselves to the annoyance attendant thereon. What crushing, and screaming, and breaking of hats, and flattening of bonnets, and tearing of coats, and shawls, and gowns. Why, really, the people are more out of pocket by the damage sustained by their clothes, than if they had gone to the boxes and done the thing genteelly.

Now, that the people are all in, we will walk quietly up the steps. Why, actually, there are plenty of seats still vacant, and how much better would it have been if they had gone up slowly and by degrees?

Just look at that young gentleman with the moustaches, and a quiz glass dangling on front of his person. The back of his coat is positively rent from the collar to the skirts. It has caught hold of some nail on his way up, and (in consequence of the pressure behind) he has not been able to prevent its being torn in that mortifying and destructive manner. There is a young lady, with vermillion cheeks standing behind him and tacking it together with pins, probably with the view of preventing the young gentleman in question from catching cold. Having performed that little job, the young lady joins in conversation with the young gentleman, and very entertaining it seems to be, for they are laughing very heartily, to the great annoyance of a stout old lady setting before them, who fancies that they are laughing at her, as she has just discovered, owing to a strong draught from behind, that her bonnet is without a crown. Not far from these parties was two buxom women, one of whom is pinning on a flounce, and the other adjusting her hair, and fastening it up as well as she can,

having lost her comb in her progress up stairs. The latter makes some allusion to an individual named Jack Thompson, who she hopes will be a little less violent when he comes up with her again.

There is a young man in the front seat, who has tied a red handkerchief round his head, to the infinite amusement of those setting around him; he has lost his hat in coming up with the crowd, and has every reason to suppose that some daring and dishonest "prig" has "crushed" the same into the smallest possible compass, and deposited it in his pocket. He, however, consoles himself with the fact that it was only a "four-and-ninepenny tile." On the second seat from the front, there is a young female stitching on a portion of the skirt of an elderly lady's dress; and a little above them another elderly lady has just untied her pocket and pulled it out. It is leaking with wet, owing to her having had a little bottle in it, which has been broken in her way up. She seems, whilst she picks out the broken pieces of glass, to be much mortified; but her mortification evidently arises more from the loss of the liquor than from the wetting she has sustained.

The seats that were vacant when we first entered, are now all filled up—people are still pouring in.

Let us take a glance at some of the more prominent characters, that compose part of our gallery audience. The front seats are filled with those gentry who are more turbulent and headstrong than the rest, and who, between the acts, invariably amuse themselves and many others, by calling for music, and spitting and throwing orange peelings, &c., upon the people in the pit. They are, for the most part, idle apprentices, Irish labourers, costermongers, &c. Scattered in various parts is a number of strong buxom servant girls, who appear on this occasion without caps. Their mistresses are very strict, and would not see them without that necessary article of head-dress—no, not on any account. If they were tolerating the system, such boldness and indelicacy would be enough to shock the feelings of the most coarse-minded individuals, and cause apprentices, and bakers, and postmen, to have such an antipathy towards the sex, as could never, probably, be eradicated. Only think of that. What a dreadful result that would be! The poor girls would never get husbands, if such an outrage was perpetrated upon all decency and propriety. Oh! dear no. How could they?

(To be continued.)

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A CONSTITUTION.

The accounts which reach us of Russia are not a little at variance with each other. By some the present emperor is made a paragon of excellence and his empire painted as the best regulated on earth; by others he is described to be a heartless tyrant, and Russia the chosen abode of misery and crime.

These differences are easily explained. The former representations are furnished by writers who have an interest in Russia, who are returning to it, or who have friends or relatives among the subjects of the czar; the latter fall from the pens of individuals who have in some way incurred the displeasure of the Muscovite authorities, who have been threatened with Siberia, or perchance had a taste of the knout.

M. Ivan Galovine, a Russian, belongs to the class who have in some way become obnoxious to "the powers that be," and has in consequence bidden, as he hopes, a last adieu to his native land. The account he gives of the autocrat and the state of the people under him is not such as to move the envy of an Englishman. We speak of the common people; it must be confessed the nobles have something to rejoice in:

"What a happy lot is that of the Russian nobles! they live like kings or demigods! A noble retired to his estate with a handsome wife, at the head of some thousands of peasants, with large revenues, passes days of delight, and enjoys an existence which has not its parallel in the whole world! You are absolute sovereign on your own estates: all cringe and bow before you; all crawl in the dust, and tremble at the sound of your voice. If you order a hundred or two *coups de bâton* to be inflicted on Peter or John, your order will be executed, and his back will immediately become as black as a coal. You have merely to throw your handkerchief to any woman who pleases you: you are not a sultan for nothing."

Content, however, seems more abundant than could reasonably have been expected:—

"The noble imagines himself free, and thinks that he has only to blame himself if he exchanges his liberty for offices, for distinctions, and becomes a servant instead of a sovereign master. He has his court, his residence, his estate—let him remain there. The serf thinks that his condition is natural, fixed by the decrees of Providence, and that he would be infinitely more wretched if he were free. The military man thinks of nothing; he has no time left to do so, and he is kept in perpetual exercise to fill up his leisure. The civil officer thinks only of adorning his button-hole, or filling his

pocket, and all move by the force of the iron will of the sovereign."

The tyranny of the emperor descends to the lowest grades.

"The emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those, who in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which further is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody; by his master, when he condescends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starostai*, by the public authorities, the *stanovoi* or the *ispravnik*, by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow on his part has no means to idemnify himself, except on his wife or his horses; and accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used. At St. Petersburgh there is a continual smacking of whips, and all the blows fall on those poor animals. Peter I, in his ardour for reform, ought to have substituted for the Russian whip, a long lash, in using which the coachmen would lose their love of whipping, because they only beat the air."

The following anecdote throws further light on the system:—

"M. Kukolnick brought out a play, called 'The Hand of the Most High,' which was replete with classic czarism. The delighted czar sent for him; the poet, who had a brother implicated in the revolt of 1825, trembled when he appeared before the sovereign, who inquired the cause of his fear, and encouraged him by saying, 'It is an every day occurrence, that of two brothers, one is base and the other honest.' M. Polevoï, who ventured to find fault with this famous play, was arrested at Moscow, torn from his family, dragged to St. Petersburgh, and escorted by a gend'armes in a courier's car, and this shock had so great an effect upon him, that the liberal author was transformed into a fulsome parasite of the court. On this occasion, some verses of the following purport were made. 'The Hand of the Most High' has accomplished three prodigies,—it has saved the country, elevated Kukolnick, and ruined Polevoï. Nobody in Russia dares to differ in opinion from the emperor, even on the most trifling subject; on a question of art, or of literature. When he has once given his opinion nothing remains but to accede to it or remain silent. I one day asked a journalist if he would give a review of the History of M. Buturlin, adjutant-general to the emperor? he answered with much simplicity, 'I have not got two heads upon my shoulders.'"

"M. Tschedaeff was declared mad by order of his imperial majesty, for having ventured to write in a Moscow review that 'it was not possible to pass four-and-twenty hours in a reasonable manner in Russia, because the Russians are not Europeans; because one czar has opened for them a frozen winter towards Europe; because another has led them about at beat of drum;' and lastly, for having added that 'Russia has retarded her advance in civilisation by preferring the Greek to the Roman Catholic religion.' Boldoref, the censor, who had suffered this article to pass, was banished to the monastery of Vassilewsk, and M. Tschedaeff was subject to a daily visit from a physician, who poured a glass of cold water on his head. Angel, a subaltern officer, was condemned by a court-martial for some act of insubordination, and the emperor enhanced the punishment. A grenadier, who seemed disposed to kill his captain, who frequently struck him without reason, was condemned to run the gauntlet. The emperor wrote with his own hand, 'that the first thousand blows should be given him on the head.' Prince Sanguschko was condemned to be transported to Siberia, for having taken a part in the Polish revolution. The emperor added to the sentence, 'that he should perform the journey on foot.' Madame Gracholska went with her son to visit her husband, who had emigrated to Switzerland, and the child begged that he might stay with his father. The emperor caused the mother to be brought to trial on her return to Russia. The nobles of the government of Podolia made a subscription to furnish her with means to perform the journey to Siberia, whither she was senfenced. The subscription amounted to 14,000 rubles. Nicholas ordered 13,000 rubles to be kept back for the benefit of the invalids, saying that 1,000 rubles was ample for the journey in the Polish campaign!"

And darker still as we proceed; it would seem that the will of the despot can supersede all law, and a hint from him suffices to ensure murder:—

"It is not even necessary that a criminal should receive sentence of death before he can be put to death. The executioner can kill a man with a single stroke of the knout or *pleite*. A culprit may be suffered to perish under the gauntlet; the surgeon who attends the sufferer need only be told to shut his eyes, and he is thus dispensed from all responsibility. Again, the executioner may, either by wilful or involuntary awkwardness, break the sword of a noble, in pursuance of the sentence of condemnation, upon his head instead of breaking it above his head, and bear rather too hard, without having precisely received any express instruction on the

subject. Such a circumstance occurred in 1836. M. Pavlof stabbed M. Apralef on leaving the church where the latter had just been married to Mademoiselle K., after having promised to marry the sister of M. Pavlof, whom he had seduced. By command of the emperor he was tried within twenty-four hours, and sentenced to degradation: the executioner fractured his skull in breaking his sword."

Such are the evils experienced where the power of the sovereign has no constitutional limit.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Every one practises physiognomy or judges character from external form, yet ask any one in particular, what are the rules by which he judges, or if he believes in physiognomy. The first he will answer, probably, by a shake of the head, amounting to a denial of any knowledge on the subject; as to his belief, he will most probably say he has none, or at least it is so little, that he has formed no fixed opinion on the matter. Curious and contradictory as this may appear, yet it is what we meet with every day. Now may we not enquire how it is that man so prone to regulate his intercourse with other beings, and even to decide both his own action and the fate of others, by a look or appearance, should nevertheless be not able to give a single reason why he does so, and this by one who claims to be considered a rational being; the truth is, to give a reason, requires thought and an orderly method of connecting out knowledge in words suitable to communicate our impressions, or our pride will be liable to be wounded by our losing the character of having spoken what will be esteemed incorrect, for every one sets himself up as a judge of truth, yet, like the usurer, is afraid to show how much of it falls to his lot, lest another should be found either to dispute his claim or wound his self love. It is worth our while to inquire into this, and see if we cannot give some rational solution to such contradictions. First, then, are we not so constituted by our external senses, so as to be agreeably or otherwise affected by things we may come in contact with. This will be readily granted. Then here we have the foundation of most of our decisions, and a wise ordination of Providence it is, seeing that we are not all rationally trained, and have not the high privilege of rendering a reason for our faith, but for our preservation (at least physical), we have instinctive qualities to guide us: these qualities are common to the animal creation, but depend upon our outward perception of relation, although a reason may afterwards be given for them. A dog, a cat, a bird, or any other animal, will judge of its kind, or of its master, or the relation it stands in to other existences, all of which may be traced to the effect of sensation of one kind or other; and as all things have a certain relation to each other, so are our senses so constituted as to immediately perceive a certain amount of this agreement or disagreement, or rational connection; but it belongs to the mind alone to discover the means by which these things take place; in this lies the great distinction of man and beast, for want of the observance of which has caused some to attribute reason to many animals. It is not sufficient to have acted reasonably or according to nature, that constitutes a rational being. But the being able to teach it to another, and make it a subject of consideration, abstracted from its connection with external existence, as well as apply it as a rule or guide to future action, independent of present sensation. Looking then at physiognomy in this light, we are led to observe the mode which nature displays to our senses, the different hidden qualities which it is our highest interest and pleasure to know. The phenomena of nature effects us in a certain manner always uniform, that is, "like causes produce like effects." Let us only observe this rule closely, and we shall seldom err in our judgments. Now in every art or science, certain fundamental laws are necessary to be observed as main points upon which our science or reasoning turns. These in our subject may be considered true form, or figure, and colour, for we intend to speak only of the modifications of sight, and the modes of judging other beings thereby. First, the forms are either angular curved, or intermediate, consequently we have now to look into nature, and observe what effects we see follow each of these primordial expressions. Then also will be observed the corresponding colours, which considered will give a clue to unravel the hidden nature, and which it is our business to know. If we examine closely we will observe that all harsh things and generally speaking noxious things are exhibited under angular forms; and things which contain perpetuity and unity of being under circular forms; third things seen under undulating or wavy forms, approach near to what we call grace, and are indicative of gentleness, accomplishing their purpose by means equally distant from the harsh angle, and the more potent circle; indeed then the line of grace of which so much has been said by various writers, and has formed the subject of the analysis of beauty by Hogarth, is truly the line of life. Seeing that all life generally speaking is expressed by this line, as death is

expressed by angles, and productive power by circles. A few references to ordinary facts will illustrate this, if we look into the sky on a stormy day, or one which seems to threaten a dissolution of existing order, and we shall observe the clouds partake of the angular forms such as are called cirrus; and the more broken and severed are these angles, the more indicative of a state of chaos; on the other hand look at the clouds called cumuli, such as approach nearer to the circle, and we will find the effect to be not only preservative as to the present, but generative as to the future; but those which partake of a mixed character or undulating, such as we see on a fine summer's eve, partake of the graceful curve, and express beauty and serene weather, and these are also attended with correasponding beauty of colour. The reason of this might be shown, but our present business is only with the expression. We only observe that blue has mostly to do with angles, red with circles, and yellow with wavey or graceful lines; we find this generally to correspond with chemical bodies, such as acids being expressed by angles, essential oils by globes, and bodies of a less noxious character to life, by undulating forms and exhibit yellowish rays; this will also be observed in fruits, the yellow and red mixed most graceful in form, are being the most genial, and containing the test acid qualities. The yellow apple, gooseberry, currant, pine-apple, plum, pear, &c., are instances of our position; on the other hand, the round and red apple, gooseberry, currant, &c., partake more of the acid, and it is curious to observe that nature has not given us any blue, nor extremely angular fruits. If some seeds are so they will be found to be noxious, the more they partake of the angular shape and blue in tint. Many plants, which are extremely green, contain deleterious qualities, such as prussic acid. The tops of celery and laurel, ivy, yew, &c., having a large quantity of blue in them; the same may be observed in metallic substances. Gold, for instance, is the least noxious, being yellow in colour; and we have reason to believe it to be roundish in its particles, from its extreme malleability, angular bodies scarcely admitting of this quality. It may be taken, then, as a general fact, that angular forms and bluish tints are expressive of fixed states, or what we call states approaching to death or quiescence, and yellow connected with round or life giving properties; red with the intermediate or balancing properties, being the farthest removed from blue or yellow. Before going on with the application of these general observations, we will notice a few more effects observed to be connected with colours, such as in diseases; purple manifestations are considered bad; yellow as a primodial and generating stage, and reddish as manifesting the most life; even in the stages of putrefaction the same process may be observed. With these first principles before us, we may now look abroad in nature and observe the different beings existing around, and see if we can predicate anything of them from their form and colour. We will take man, he being our principal sub ject and object to understand. Speaking universally, do we not find those races who present the most graceful lines or curves to be the handsomest, and exhibiting the highest endowments? such are the Caucasian races; and also the more they partake of the yellowish white, with a tinge of red, the better we find them. They are spirited, energetic, and generative in their nature, particularly in their moral qualities. Such, again, as partake of the red less so, but very enduring—formed to hold that which they have. The American Indians are of this stock. Again the dark races partake more of the blue, for we know that blue is a large ingredient with red in producing browns and black, and their forms are more angular. Notice their spare limbs with their shoulders at right angles, with their erect position and their angular osfontis, their angular mode of walking, fighting, &c. They are full of strong passions, which are alway expressed by angular motions: viz., notice when any one is vexed, so as to be induced to strike another, and observe his angular motions; on the contrary, when in happy mood; and well bred females often exhibit this state. Observe the graceful curves she puts herself into. To come to any useful conclusion we must compare analagous cases, and see how they correspond; and if we find like sensible exhibitions, exhibit like physical and moral effects, we have reason to conclude that nature is uniform in her operations; and that it is possible for one skilled in the modes of operating, to predicate what the present is indicative of; also what we may expect will be the general mode of acting, from any constituted in a certain manner. And although we say our eyes are the most deceptive of all our organs, yet may we, by classification and understanding the modes exhibited to us, make them the readiest, and as certain a mode of judging as any other organ. This is what is intended they should be, or an organ so delicate and so intellectual in its office (it appealing mostly to our understanding) would lead us into an interminable error. Physionomy, then, is the science of faces or forms which nature puts on to indicate her intentions, and has a most extended significancy appearing in all nature; but speaking of it as regards man,

gives us rules whereby we may judge the moral or physical qualities of any one by his exterior form and colour. In our next paper we shall draw attention to the great facts exhibited in the animal creation, and endeavour to show that from the line and its division or expansion into an angle, that from the first expansion of the angle all is voracious and expressive of mere physical energy up to the angle of 45 deg.; after which we begin to observe a manifestation of what we call mind exhibited in act, and as this angle increases into the right angle, the physical goes in abeyance and the intellectual increases. This will call up our powers of observance, and lead us to the knowledge of laws by which the great geometrician of the universe operates and intends to display his nature in man—that is to make him an intelligent, efficient, conscious, and moral agent, whereby all good may be realised "on earth as it is in heaven."

THE PROPERTIES OF LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

A large work has been written by a learned man (Dr. Metcalfe, of America), to prove that heat and electricity are modifications, or that electricity is a modification of caloric. We believe that electricity, heat, and light are but modifications of the same cause, and if any of them be studied, they will but add proofs to the argument we have in view in writing this essay. Light has really more to do in the operations of nature than we would at first imagine. Since the science of photography has come into existence, the chemical properties of light are beginning to be more understood. Such an energy has light, that a moment's exposure to it will exert an influence upon compounds which is truly wondrous, and it is this property of light which has given rise to the study of photography, and to the production of those beautiful pictures of Daguerre and Talbot. A mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gases may be allowed to stand together for any length of time in the dark, but if they be suddenly brought into the light, an instantaneous combination takes place, and hydrochline acid is formed. There are many other chemical combinations which may be caused by light, whose energy in these cases is very great. Upon animal and vegetable life light exerts a great influence. If a vine or creeping plant be placed in the dark, and a small hole where the light alone enters be made, the vine will soon evince a love for the light by turning from its previous course, and crawling towards the hole. Without light plants soon lose their green colour, and turn white. Without its vivifying influence they soon languish and die, and without the influence of the light they cannot carry on their office — they cannot decompose the carbonic acid, or if they do, they do not throw off enough oxygen to equalise the carbonic acid generated by the various processes carried on by man and nature. Light exerts the same influence upon animals. If a man be confined in the dark, though he be allowed as much exercise as is needful, still he will become pallid, lose his health, and die. The purposes of nature may be arrested by the exclusion of light. If a tadpole be placed in the dark, it will grow to a gigantic tadpole, but will not grow into a frog. If the light be now allowed to fall on the animal, immediately the legs of the frog will begin to develope themselves—but never unless the embryo animal is placed where the light can reach it. There is scarcely a substance in nature—perhaps not one—which is not altered in its properties, or affected in some way, by light. There is not a chemical compound but that is susceptible of alteration by light, and the effect can be perceived on many of them. Light appears to exert a peculiar influence on the formation of crystals. A great naturalist affirms that "diamonds are a combination of carbon and light, for they are only to be found where the light is most intense." And the most beautiful and largest crystals which nature affords, are found in those tropical countries where the sun's light is at its maximum. Many solutions of salts may be kept for any length of time in the dark without crystalising, but an exposure to light will cause an instantaneous disturbance of the molecules, and a disposition to arrange themselves into their peculiar characteristic forms. The properties of light are just beginning to be understood, for it was but quite lately that attention has been given to its investigation; but enough has already been discovered to render its study an object to those who wish to find truths in support of the great cause we are advocating.

We consider electricity as the primary, and heat and light as its modifications, if they be assimilated to it. Electricity is the *promum mobile* of nature. No disturbance in nature however great, no operation however minute it may be, takes place without the developement of electricity. If two metals, dissimilar in their electrical relations, be placed in contact, so long as they remain so there is a constant and continual development of electricity,—and by such metallic arrangements as these, motion has been kept up, through a constant stream of electricity, for many years without intermission. There is a constant stream of electricity—or magnetism—for ever flowing around the earth,

and with such rapidity as to pass around it some twenty-two times in every second —a velocity very much greater than that which light travels. This stream of magnetism, as it probably is, causes the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; for the earth itself is a great magnet, precisely through the same cause as the needle which forms the mariner's compass—that is, by a constant stream of electricity flowing around it. The south pole of this great magnet, the earth, is somewhat in the northern hemisphere; and what is called the magnetic meridian of any place, is a vertical plane with which the direction of a compass needle will coincide. The earth possesses a power of inducing magnetism, just the same as any other magnet. The inductive power of the earth may be seen in any workshop where iron or steel tools are laying around. These tools being steel, may by aid of a needle, be found to be strongly magnetic; but bars of soft iron may be rendered magnetic for the moment, by suspension in a vertical position, when their lower ends will possess north polarity, and their upper ends south polarity. By reversing the position of the bar the poles will be changed. These same effects may be produced by bringing this soft iron bar into the vicinity of a permanent magnet—magnetism will be induced in the soft iron bar, which may be magnetised and demagnetised any number of times—and so with the earth, thus proving that it and the permanent magnet exert just the same phenomena, and are in fact both permanent magnets. The magnetism which the earth possesses is of course utterly necessary, or it would not possess it. It is through its magnetism that this planet revolves in its orbit around the sun, which body, then, is a great magnet too, and being so much greater in bulk, possesses a vast amount more of the electric fluid. If two iron balls be freely suspended, the one much larger than the other, and both be magnetised, the smaller one will revolve around the larger; and could it be freely suspended, with no resisting medium about it, such as the air, this ball would revolve around the other constantly. It is thus that the planets revolve around their suns, they are all magnets—as our earth—and through the magnetic attraction and repulsion, they are kept moving, and the forces being balanced, they revolve in a circle. Besides this primary cause, why the earth should be a magnet, other reasons present themselves, where this electric fluid exerts its great effects. Without the earth being a magnet, the mariner's compass would not be of any avail, and thus all the vast benefits derived from navigation would be lost.

The electricity of the earth has just begun to awaken attention to its study. The influence which it exerts in the growth of plants is far greater than we have imagined. Late experiments have proved that electricity applied to living plants has accelerated their growth greatly. Experiments are now being tried on a large scale, in this country and America; and from those which have been tried, we learn that when a wire conducts the electric fluid to the earth, among the growing plants, that they are stimulated to a great degree, and soon surpass others not subject to this process, both in vigour and in the amount of nutriment they yield. Now it has been ascertained that the fluids which vegetable tissues secrete, possess a very high conducting power, compared with the other substances found on the earth. All pointed leaves—and they are nearly all pointed—have a great conducting energy. Late experiments prove in a striking degree, the wondrous energy with which the point of leaves conduct electricity. A jar of forty-six square inches of coated surface was discharged by a single blade of grass in four minutes, whereas it will require three times that period, at least, for a steel needle to effect the same discharge. Such is the conducting power of vegetable points, that Mr. Weeks—a close investigator—has chosen them in the construction of his electroscope, having had sufficient proof that they are far better conductors than any metallic points he can procure.

Plants, in the different stages of their development and growth, are peculiarly adapted to the influence of electricity. The germs of all seeds are ascertained to be the best electrical conductors, and here the stimulating effects of this fluid is necessary, where the young plant is just about having its being, and where its subsequent rapid growth is so essential. We notice that plants which are designed for rapid growth, are pubescent in a remarkable degree: and those which grow when the season is very variable—when the air suddenly becomes charged with the electric fluid, and as quickly loses a greater part of it—are always armed with thorns or prickles. These are doubtlessly plants which require a large amount of electricity, and are thus armed with numerous points, that they may draw it from the air to suit their capacity. These points, in many plants, at certain seasons fall off. There are certain times when they do not require so much of the electric fluid—for instance, during the period that they are bringing their fruit to maturity. Gardeners' experience have taught them, that when melons and other plants are bringing their fruit to maturity, they must lay metallic hoops over them. The cause of this is, that, during their fruiting, plants do not need such a large quantity of electricity

as at other times—they do not require so much stimulus—and the iron hoops carry off a part of this electric fluid. Nature does this for man in many plants which have thorns, for, as we have mentioned, at the fruiting season these thorns or conductors fall off.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE.

King Henry the VIII, as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost, or (more probably) wilfully losing himself, struck down about dinner time to the Abbey of Reading, where disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see, unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the king's guard; a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sirloin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this king Henry), on which the king laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he was mistaken. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot; "and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give a hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef, as you. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The king pleasantly pledged him, heartily thanked him for his good cheer, and after dinner departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after the abbot was sent for by a poursuivant, brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself when and how he had incurred the king's displeasure. At last a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs king Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. "My lord," quoth the king, "presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician, to cure you of your queasy stomach; and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same." The abbot, down with his dust, and glad he escaped so, returned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much merrier in heart, than when he came thence.—*Knight's Penny Magazine.*

Review.

The Student's Self Instructing French Grammar. By D. M. Aird.

[J. Aird, London.]

When this little useful elementary work first made its appearance, we gave it as our opinion that it would be cordially received by all desirous of attaining a knowledge of the French language; for, of the grammars introduced into schools, none is so free from useless rules, so clear, and so admirably calculated to impress those rules, and the peculiarities of the French, on the mind of the pupil: phrases being introduced to exemplify each. This work in a very short period has reached a fourth edition; and it would not surprise us were it to reach a fourteenth in a like duration of time. To give our readers an idea of the systematic manner in which Mr. Aird treats his subject, we will give the contents of the twelve lessons of which the work consists.

Lesson I.—French Alphabet, Principles of Pronunciation, Union of Words, Of Accents, The Formation of French Words, Vocabulary of Useful Words.

Lesson II.—Articles, Definite, Indefinite, and Partitive, with Exemplifications, Of Nouns—their Gender, &c., Of Adjectives—with Exemplifications, Positions, &c., Exercises, Phrases—on Meeting a Friend, Fables, in French and English, with Pronunciation.

Lesson III.—Pronouns, Table of Personal Pronouns—Conjunctive, Disjunctive, and Reflective, Exemplifications and Exercises, Table of Relative Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Demonstrative Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Indeterminate Pronouns, with Exemplifications, Cardinal Numbers, Phrases—Time of day, Fable—with literal Translation and Pronunciation.

Lesson IV.—Verbs, Auxiliary Verbs—*avoir* and *être*, Exercises, &c., Regular Verbs, *Parler*—with Exercises and Idiomatical Phrases, Rules for Composition, Anecdotes—with Translation and Pronunciation.

Lesson V.—Second Conjugation—*agir* List of Verbs of the third Conjugation, *Recervoir*, Exercise, Fourth Conjugation—*vendre*, Reflective Verbs, List of Reflective Verbs, Exercise, Anecdotes—with literal Translations.

Lesson VI.—Irregular Verbs in *er*, Exercise, Irregular Verbs in *ir*, Exercise and Anecdote.

Lesson VII.—Irregular Verbs in *re*, with lists of each, &c.

Lesson VIII.—Irregular Verbs in *re*, Model of Letters with literal Translation, &c.

Lesson IX.—Irregular Verbs in *oir*, Exercise, &c.

Lesson X.—Defective Verbs, Impersonal Verbs, *Il faut, Il y a, Il est* or *c'est.*

Lesson XI.—Of Adverbs, List of Adverbs, Of Prepositions, List of Prepositions, Of Conjunctions, List of Conjunctions, Interjections, Negations, Examples and Exercise, Anecdote, with Translation.

Lesson XII.—Le Traducteur, Adventures d'un Comédien Ambulent, with Notes, Le Pêcheur, original, Bon heur, &c.

Schoolmasters who have the interest of their pupils at heart, would do well to examine this little work, which is sold at the minimum price of 1s. 6d., for it is our opinion, that in one month, as much might be learnt through its medium, as in three by means of those grammars with intricate rules, and innumerable exceptions, which tend to embarrass the pupil, and create a distaste to the study. We cordially recommend it.

The Gatherer.

"When the grass grows in Januverie,
It grows no more all the yeare."

If there be as much of truth as of antiquity in this adage, we may expect something remarkably untoward in the ensuing seasons, for within the memory of the oldest farmer perhaps nothing like the present extraordinary growth of grass and other vegetable productions has been witnessed. Not only do the meadows as pastures exhibit an appearance to the eye of the traveller, as verdant as might be expected in the month of May, but the growth of the herbage is sufficient to afford on good land an ample bite for the cattle; and, in walking over it, you find the crop ankle deep, and still growing luxuriantly. All the autumn grown crops are in a forward state of growth, and the land intended for spring sowing is mostly ploughed, with the exception of the turnip land, where, from the great bulk of the produce, the sheep have not been able to keep out of the way of the plough. The heavy soils have turned up a soddened and unworkable furrow from the superabundance of wet, and in the absence of pulverising frosts to shake it to pieces, the March winds will probably dry it as hard as a brick, and furnish an unkindly seed-bed. There are partial complaints of the ravages of the slug on the young wheats, and here and there may be seen a "gally" piece, but the general appearance is strong and healthy. The grain market is steady; cattle and sheep, both lean and fat, are selling high, and prices, especially of store, still looking upward.—*Kent Mercury.*

The Wisdom of our Ancestors.—By the 8th of Elizabeth, cap. 3 (says Adam Smith) the exporter of sheep, lambs or rams, was, for the first offence, to forfeit all his goods for ever, to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then to have his left hand cut off in a market town, upon a market day, to be there nailed up; and for the second offence, to be adjudged a felon, and to suffer death accordingly. By the 13th and 14th of Charles II, chap. 18, the exportation of wool was made a felony, and the exporter subjected to the same penalties and forfeitures as a felon. For the honour of the national humanity it is to be hoped that neither of these statutes was enforced.

Mental Adaptation. — Wonderfully does the mind of man suit itself to occasions, and become accommodated to every circumstance. It will rise superior to the strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity, and serene in death. The consciousness of rectitude will not only enable it to endure evil, but divest misfortune of its every terror. Tenderness will yield to an unbending firmness, and the eye in which the tear of emotion has so often started will disdain to weep. He who remarks the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quickly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall, can alone appreciate that property of the mind by which it becomes elevated in triumph and extracts from adversity its hidden jewel. Not rightly allowing for the action of this property, we err often in imputing misery to the cheerful and felicity to the sad. Belisarius, blind, and the sport of his enemies, might have yet been happier than the emperor of the east. The principle of adaptation to everything which can be the lot of man is a good genius which follows him throughout his being, and its workings are alike evident, whether you regard his mental or physical relations to the phenomena which encompass him; it is this which gives a zest to his pleasures, a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the sunbeams of the morning, and when night approaches, it "smooths" for him "the raven down of darkness till it smiles."

The Model Republic.—We have the following rich scene in the reports of the senatorial proceedings of the state of New York. It is truly characteristic. It is a correct report:—Mr. Clark: "You dodged on the Convention Bill." — Mr. Young: "You lie, sir."—Mr. Clark: "You owned stock in thirteen banks." — Mr. Young: "You lie, sir."—Mr. Clark: "You have a princely fortune from the country." — Mr. Young, with his foot on the desk: "You lie, you lie, you lie, you old hypocrite."—All the senators: "Hooray! hit him again, Buck! he hain't got no friends!"

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